

Oxford County Advertiser.

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NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1883.

NO. 37.

Oxford County Advertiser.

F. W. SANBORN, Proprietor.

TERMS: \$2.00 per year. When paid in advance. All papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance. Correspondence solicited on all subjects of local interest. Administrators, Executors and Guardians desiring their notices advertised in the Advertiser, will please state to the Editor. Advertisers receive one inch one week. For each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Cards of thanks, obituary notices, resolutions, etc., 50 cents per line. Legal Advertising inserted at the usual rates. Address: ADVERTISER, Norway, Me.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, ETC.

FREELAND HOWE,

Insurance and Real Estate Agent.

G. P. JONES, NORWAY, ME.

DENTIST.

Dr. C. A. Clark is with Dr. Jones.

DR. J. W. DAVIS,

DENTIST,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Office over Savings Bank. All work warranted.

HENRY UPTON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Office near F. Howe's Insurance Office.

HOLT & KIMBALL,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

NORWAY, ME.

CHARLES H. HOLT, ALFRED H. KIMBALL.

HENRY M. BEAROE,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Office in Savings Bank Building, Main St.

CHARLES F. WHITMAN,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Office in Grange Building, Main St.

WILSON & GREENLEAF,

Attorneys at Law,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

G. A. WILSON, A. A. GREENLEAF.

CALVIN E. EVANS, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Particular attention paid to diseases of the Eye and Ear.

T. S. TURNER, M. D.,

Homeopathist,

Office in the rooms recently occupied by the National Bank. Office hours, 9 to 10 a. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

FRANK H. TILTON, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Office and residence on Cottage Street.

Office hours, 12 m. to 2 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.

C. L. PIKE, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Residence and Office at Dr. Bradbury's late stand, Main Street.

B. F. BRADBURY, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Residence opposite Norway Hall. Office in Hathaway Block.

H. E. JONES, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Office and residence on High St., near Paris Hill road. Office hours, 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.

NORWAY SAVINGS BANK,

Money to loan on good security, at reasonable rates.

ROBERT NORTON, Pres't. H. M. BEAROE, Treas'r.

J. T. ROWE,

New Hair Dressing Rooms,

Clean Shave and Stylish Cut. Main St.

GET YOUR MILK DAIRY

Benjamin Tucker's

MILK CART!

Good Milk and Honest Measure.

In want of milk, speak to the driver.

ELM HOUSE.

W. W. WHITMARSH, PROPRIETOR,

Norway, Me.

Good Stable connected with the house.

Geo. H. Small,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,

SHOP ON BRIDGE STREET,

Opposite the Advertiser Job Printing Office,

NORWAY, ME.

JAMES GRANT,

Painter of Carriages, Sleighs

WAGONS, ETC.

All work done up as should be, and at reasonable prices. See Over Libby & Mox's shop, Cottage Street, Norway, Me.

J. C. BENNETT & CO.,

Dealers in

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Sausages,

Meats of all kinds,

C. S. TUCKER,

Sells Carriage Busters and Mats

HORSE NETS and COVERS,

as well as all the standard articles in his line.

HARNESSES,

Sale and Custom made,

Whips, Trunks, Valises, Etc.

Shop and Store, Main Street,

NORWAY, ME.

DENNIS PIKE,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

HARD AND SOFT SOAP

Factory on Paris Street, Norway.

See Adams & Grange taken in exchange for Soap. In want of Soap, speak to Mr. Pike, or drop him a postal card, and you will be promptly served.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight and inferior quality powders.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall St., N. Y.

NORWAY BAKERY!

C. E. Rines,

Baker and Proprietor.

Hot Rolls, White and Brown Bread,

Cakes and Pastry.

EVERYTHING FRESH AND NICE.

The Court will run through Norway and South Paris Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons. The team will collect Beans for baking Saturday afternoon. If in want of anything, speak to the Driver.

O. M. CUMMINGS,

Livery and Feed Stable,

NORWAY, ME.

Proprietor of Gipsy Queen.

Passengers conveyed to adjoining towns at reasonable rates.

62½ Stable on Danforth Street.

WM. A. EMERY,

Dealer in Ancient Clocks,

OXFORD, MAINE.

Time-worn and Old-fashioned Clocks and Cases repaired in a neat and workmanlike manner. All orders by mail or otherwise will receive prompt attention. All work warranted.

L. L. HOWARD, Jr.,

Contractor of

CEMETERY WORK

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Granite or Marble

MONUMENTS,

Borders, Tablets & Head Stones.

Polished Granite a Specialty.

VASES, LAWN GRASS SEED AND LOTS GRADED.

I shall make every effort in the future, as in the past, to give you first-class work at the lowest price.

L. L. HOWARD, JR.

N. B.—No business done from sunset Friday until sunset Saturday.

PURE LAKE ICE!

SUPPLIED TO

Families, Stores, & Markets

BY

W. S. BENSON.

If you want ICE regularly, or irregularly, speak to Mr. Benson, or the driver of his ice cart.

THE MAN

WHO IS UNQUALIFIED WITH THE CROOKS—THEY SAY THAT THE CROOKS ARE UNQUALIFIED WITH THE MAN.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY.

By the central position of its line, connecting the East and West by the shortest route, and carrying the largest volume of passenger traffic, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad is the most important of the great trunk lines of the country.

It connects the East and West by the shortest route, and carries the largest volume of passenger traffic.

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"ONLY A SISTER TO HIM"

He lifted his face in the starlight dim,

And all that he saw was a round, dark eye;

And the stars that twinkled looked to him

Like the phosphor gleams of the fire-fly.

The new moon hung in an awkward shape

And was crooked and bent like the horn of a ram;

The sombre maples seemed hung with crepe

And the garden gate banged to with a slam.

The brook oozed over the slimy stones

From stagnant pools in the meadow marsh;

Or it crept along with plaintive moans,

And the song of the whip-poor-will was harsh.

He jabbed his ribs on the clumsy stile,

For dark as pitch was the dusky lane;

And his thin lips curved in a bitter smile,

As he smote the weeds with a spiteful cane.

Rough and ugly and long was the way,

But he only whispered, with drooping head,

He hated the night and he dreaded the day,

And his heart seemed a hundred centuries old.

With the dirge of his sighs he timed his tread,

As one who pondered bitter things.

But he only whispered, with drooping head,

And a heart that wondered—"Kicked by jings!"

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

HOW PEOPLE HIDE MONEY.

A DETECTIVE'S REMINISCENCES.

"I have been sent for very often in my time," said an elderly detective, "to search for money concealed by eccentric people. There was more of this hiding away of cash forty years ago than there is now, owing probably to the doubtful character of some of the old savings banks. Still there is more of it now than most people suppose, and whenever a bank breaks the teapots and old stockings come into use again. Then, too, there are persons who have a delight in concealing money in such a way that they can get a sight at it now and then, or at the place in which it is concealed.

"What is my method of search?"

"Well, I can hardly say, in detective work set methods are only too apt to defeat the ends for which they are put in operation. Our proceedings depend wholly upon circumstances. The character, habits, and surroundings of the concealer have to be considered.

"A knowledge of human nature and an aptitude for observing the significance of certain classes of facts are especially needful.

"For instance I was once sent for to find the money of a man over in New Jersey who had died suddenly, and left no visible trace of his wealth. The family had made a careful, systematic search before I arrived. I learned that he was not miserly, and inferred that he had not used any of those complicated methods of concealment which are one of the miser's chief characteristics. I found that his business took him frequently from home, and that he had formerly been a sailor. I asked what room he usually slept in, and they said, 'all over the house,' adding that they had fully examined every place in which he had ever been known to be. I asked about his clothing.

"Oh, the oldest possible kind," said his wife. "We couldn't get him to wear anything decent."

"May I see it?"

"Why, we have been all through it with knitting needles, and my girls tipped up the linings everywhere, but we found nothing, and gave the old things away."

"I insisted, of course, upon seeing the clothes. You see, sir, I reasoned in this way: 'The man was not a miser, and therefore had used no extraordinary means of concealment; and he constantly made short journeys from home, so I judged that he carried his money upon his person. You may set down as a general rule that most men who conceal money like to have it as near them as possible. The fact that he did not desire to sleep in any particular room showed that the money was not hidden in a room. It was either in his clothing or buried in the cellar, a favorite place for hiding money. But he had been a sailor—now, it is characteristic of a sailor not to conceal money on shipboard; the risks from fire and water are too great. This feeling would be likely to continue after he had settled down ashore. Then, too, a sailor is in the habit of carrying his pay with him. So, you see, there were good reasons for my guess. Well, some one brought the clothes in last night, and very shabby-looking they were. I went over them with my eyes caught the lining of the coat.

"He always kept them well bound," said his wife; "sailors are good sewers." The binding was wide, but we soon had it off, and there we found, folded lengthwise and protected with oiled silk, four \$1,000 bonds. A systematic search is often not as good as a shrewd guess by an experienced person.

"Yes, there are men who conceal wealth away from their homes. Criminals almost always do it. Middle-aged countrymen will do it, but when they get old they are almost sure to hide it near the spot where they pass most of their time.

"Some fifteen years ago I went up to a farm house in Orange county, at the request of the heirs, to look for money. The deceased had had no striking characteristics for my purpose, and, after trying several lines of search for three days, I grew doubtful. His riding saddle had been ripped open, his boots were knocked off for diamonds, his soles split

up and his upholstery pulled to pieces. Bricks had been taken out, the hearth torn up, and the wainscoting pulled down. Even the backboards of picture-frames had been taken out, and the boys had dug around the roots of every tree in the orchard, but still no money had been found. The reward was too large to be lost, but I was nearly at my wits' end. Finally, I asked for a horse and wagon. I wanted to drive about a bit and settle my mind. As I rode off, the brother of the deceased said, 'You'll find the farm well laid off, he surveyed it himself.'

"Those words kept coming to my mind. The man hadn't concealed the money in the house, that was evident; nor in the barn, for he wouldn't want there. Why should he use the roots of trees or stumps, if he knew how to survey? The thought came like a flash.

"Where was the old gentleman in the habit of sitting?" I asked.

"Oh, he almost always sat by that window," said the brother, 'but we've pulled everything to pieces around there.'

"Sit down just as he did," The man sat down.

"In which direction was he most apt to look?"

"Nowhere in particular; out of the window generally."

"Toward the barn?"

"No, this way."

"I followed the look; it was in the line of an old, used-up pump.

"Which way did he walk when he went out to the field?"

"Over to the pump, and then made a bee line for the pond."

"These answers had a certain significance. Men like to have the place of concealment in sight, and it is well known that they will often walk over money they have buried to see that the soil is undisturbed. I had the pump taken up and the excavations made—no money. The pump was replaced. I entered the room once more and stood by the window. Suddenly I saw a faint but peculiar-looking mark on the sill; it was a surveyor's point. I lined it up to the pump, measured out to the exact center of the line, and the digging began. A two-inch steam pipe was struck at a depth of four feet. The end was plugged; I took home a \$500 bill that night.

"I had a curious case two years ago. A wealthy man had been attacked with partial paralysis, and his speech and the greater part of his memory had left him. He wrote out the question 'Where did I put my money?' The amount was large, \$32,000 in bonds, which he had been about to take to a safe deposit building. The heirs were wild. I stopped all the tearing up and cushion-picking business, for the man was not a concealer, though it was supposed by the doctors that he had felt the attack coming on and had put the money in some out-of-the-way place. Just how or in what spot in his library he had fallen, could not be made out. After a day's reflection my partner and I had to conclude that he had been robbed. Two courses were open to us; we could make sudden arrests without any real evidence, always a hateful course for a good detective to take, or we must find the exact spot where the man fell and 'find' up from that. The doctors helped us here: 'You had better examine the gentleman's body,' they said. We did so, and found a long horizontal mark on the hip, and blue marks on the knee and elbow. He had fallen sideways over an object not over sixteen inches high, and having a narrow, rounded edge of metal, for an iron mark was found on the clothing. Every piece of furniture in the house was inspected, but to no purpose. The heirs appeared to be in despair. But my partner and I began to be hopeful.

"In detective work, whenever you come upon some detail that seems utterly inexplicable, that is the thing which of all others must be explained; and you feel, moreover, that in solving the difficulty you will come nearer in some unknown way to your point. We took all night to think the matter over. Then my partner said, 'How about the cellar?' That's where the household metal is." They all laughed. "He hasn't been there in a year," they said. We went down. My partner glanced quickly around, and then gave me a look that I can almost feel running through my nerves to this day. He had discovered some common household articles which had not been used since the family had been searching the fireplaces. He was, in fact, looking over a lot of coal hods. "There is our metallic edge," he said. He turned the hods over carefully, and from out of a mass of waste paper there rolled at last the thirty-two thousand dollars' worth of bonds. The paralytic had fallen over the hod, and the money had dropped into it among his waste papers. Before the general search was made, all 'rubbish' had been taken to the cellar. Our friends had sought too deeply for what they had supposed to be concealed money, and had grossly neglected the science of the obvious. Some detectives do precisely the same thing. My partner and I divided the five thousand dollars between us that night.

"Yes, they had money in queer enough places. I have found it in the covers of old family Bibles, behind mirrors, in the bored-out legs of chairs, behind cupboard doors nailed tightly to the walls, in false ceilings, blunders, pin-cushions, in

the lining of old hats, in clocks, stoves, and bronze images, in vases with the bottoms covered inside with plaster of Paris, in black bottles weighted with mercury and marked poison, in canes, shoes, and vest linings, in tomato cans and tea canisters, in cracked walls covered with wall paper, in all sorts of bedding and upholstery, and in almost every conceivable place.

"What is the best way to conceal money? I can't say; but I will tell you about a man whose method was a good deal talked about at the time among the detectives. He was a bachelor, and well known as a 'concealer.' He died of heart disease, in Broome street, some years ago. Many attempts had been made to rob him, but without success. Thieves ran off one night with all his clothing, and replaced it to pieces, only to be disappointed. When he died, everything was broken up to find his money. The cellar had been dug out to the extent of three feet, the roof broken apart, and the eaves examined to no purpose. When they were clearing out the rubbish, just after I arrived, some one knocked down a rickety shelf above the mantelpiece, which was covered with old letters, medicine phials, dusty newspaper scraps, and other worthless rubbish. A quarter of an hour later one of the heirs, a girl of six years, was found seated on the floor in a pile of bank notes, to which she had vainly attempted to call her mother's attention on account of their pretty pictures.

"That 'concealer' was the only really deep one I ever knew. The lady paid a high compliment to the gentleman's astuteness when she remarked: 'Why, no one would ever have thought of looking up there for money.'

The Benson Family.

There was a reunion party of the late Mrs. Benson's family Aug. 31st, and the pleasant occasion will ever be remembered by them and their friends, it being the first time they have enjoyed the privilege of meeting together for 28 years.

The oldest daughter (Jaffa) married Luther Tubbs and moved West 38 years ago and this is her first visit home. She compares her joy at meeting her friends here with the joy of getting home to heaven. There have been many changes in the 28 years. Her father, one brother, and a sister have passed away. Her baby sister that she left when she went away, now flows a married lady with two children and her youngest whom she never saw before, also married. Of her five sisters she even did not know the names of the two who had married. Her brother, Rev. Seth Benson, having married his wife had married a stranger to her, so she might well exclaim with the beloved John, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth, so that the first heaven and the first earth were passed away." The changes on her own part are no less wonderful. She did not like Naomi of old, got out full and returned empty, but when she returned as a woman bringing two children with her and leaving three children and a grandchild in the far West.

Mr. Rutland Tucker and wife from South Boston were present as one of the connecting links in the family and Mr. Tucker had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of three brothers and one sister by marriage.

The meeting was held in the open air, near the family house and after serving the reunion cake and several varieties of fruit the exercises commenced by singing the reunion song and other choice pieces.

Mr. Alden Chase (Mrs. Benson's brother) then took the chair and made a short address of welcome to the returned members of the family and was followed by Dr. O. K. Bates and Rev. Seth Benson. Mr. Tubbs and wife cheerfully responded to the many kind words of welcome and tears filled the eyes of nearly every one present.

The gathering consisted of about 50 and 60 friends and relatives who shared in their joy and the occasion was one, such as comes to a family only once in a lifetime. Mrs. Benson has been looking forward to this event for a long time and it was indeed the one bright spot in her life since the loss of her husband.

She has the sympathy and good wishes of us all, and if they are never permitted again to meet in this world, may they all be cheered by the hope of an eternal reunion in heaven.

W. W. DUNHAM.
North Paris, Sept. 5th, 1893.

C. L. S. C. Letter.

Hudson, Sept. 4th, 1893.

To MEMBERS OF THE C. L. S. C.—Thursday, Aug. 26th, was the time appointed by the New England Assembly at Lake View, So. Framingham, as C. L. S. C. day. At 1:30 the C. L. S. C. procession was formed at Normal Hall under the direction of Miss Marshall.

Being members of the class '83, escorted by the Miller Quartette it proceeded through the avenues of the camp to the Auditorium, where it halted at the entrance and through divided ranks, Superintendent of Instruction, Dr. Vincent, entered the Auditorium followed by the class of '83, the audience giving them a hearty Chauvauque salute.

The exercises, under the charge of Dr. Vincent, were begun at five o'clock, "A Song of To-day." This was followed by responsive reading of the exercises, "Whence cometh Wisdom?" Then the class of '83 rose, and Dr. Vincent in appropriate terms gave them the benediction, and bade them welcome to the "Hall in the Grove." "The winds are whispering to the trees" was then sung followed by a prayer by Dr. Vincent. After another song Dr. Vincent delivered a short address which was followed by the responsive reading of the exercises, "Be not discouraged" and the song "Join Friends in a memory song." The class of '83 then read themselves about the platform and received their diplomas from the hands of Dr. Vincent. After the presentation all joined in "The Gloria."

The reunion of the class of '83 was held at Normal Hall at five o'clock, where speeches were made by Dr. Vincent, Dr. Hurlbert, Dr. Waite, Rev. Mr. Pull and others. Songs were sung by Messrs. Swaine and Benson and Prof. Holmes. The class poem was read by Mrs. M. J. Farewell.

In the evening the cantata, "David the Shepherd Boy" was rendered by the chorists, under the direction of Prof. W. F. Sherwin. Altogether it was a day long to be remembered by those present.

One of the A. C.'s.

We have just received a short note written Sept. 6th, from H. A. Bradbury of Maitland, Pa., from which we clip the following:

"The much welcome Advertiser for this week ended last night. I have received, bringing Norway and vicinity close to me, and also bringing to view old Mt. Washington. You say he is covered with snow. I know just how he looks, and I know just how the cold breezes feel that are wafted from his snowy and trey crest over the smaller hills and valleys of Maine; and (I expect you will think I am claiming too much) I have lately experienced how they feel when I waited to this far off sunny clime. Dare you think of it? I believe the northern snows when the wind comes that direction give us our cold chilly air. They have had a very cold north wind for a week. I noticed last winter that when you were having your coldest spells the wind here would blow from the north and give us a cold wave. I am sure you have had a better summer here than usual. In hot weather we have a great deal of thunder, sometimes terrific. In 18 out of the 30 days of June this year we had thunder. In July 21 days and in August 14 days.

The child that was left on the doorstep of Chas. H. Chase of Bidgton, though kindly cared for, has since died.

Hon. Z. A. Gilbert of Turner will be agricultural editor of the Maine Farmer.

Abraham L. Green of Dolbeer's Mills had a paralytic shock last Sabbath. Hopes are entertained that he will recover.

The State Fair will open at Lewiston Tuesday, Sept. 18th, and continue through Friday, the 21st. Reduced fares on Railroads have been secured.

ALBANY.

Stock buyers are scarce, and lots of stock for sale.

P. P. Dresser has sold one pair of his two-year-olds.

Miss Lizzie Dresser of this town, is teaching the full term of school at Welchville.

Adria Dresser will commence the full term at East Stoughton next Monday, Sept. 18th.

Geo. W. Decker is yarding his bark in the north part of the town.

P. P. Dresser raised the present season 800 lbs. of hops. Mr. D. is the only hop raiser in town.

W. W. Cross, of Bridgton, passed here on Saturday with six oxen going Bridgtonward.

Amrose Wardwell is visiting friends and relatives in this town.

Arthur Clark from Vermont is at his parental home.

J. F. L.

Willie going to the depot one day was remembered there had been a village improvement society. What sidewalk there is on Smith street is very acceptable, but it extends only a short distance and is destined to be one of the things that were. It is a sad thing that a village that has the improvement of the place cannot exist for the lack of friendly feeling. Several attempts have been made to have some entertainment to the funds with which to make changes for the better, but all have signally failed. It is to be hoped that another summer will not pass without some effort, and that a successful one to change the appearance of some things.

The Academy has commenced its second week with sixty scholars, the largest fall term for a number of years. There is no reason why Fryeburg Academy should not be better supported. The village cannot detract any from its attractions, and surely the corps of teachers is excellent. It is to be hoped the school may regain the position it once held, that of second to none in the State. Speaking of the Academy reminds me of the fact that the stone wall which has been gradually tumbling down for the past seven or eight years. Lately what was left standing has been tumbled down by the action of the ice. The streets are now in a state of confusion. To be sure it is no ornament, but why any one should take it upon themselves to push it over is one of those things which cannot be called by any other name than pure devilism.

The water is getting so low now that it is with difficulty that the mill men keep at work.

Misses Joel and Charles Haggood with their wives are making a springboard excursion around the mountains at present.

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TRUMBURG.

Fryeburg is trying to keep up with the times. Last week the lathers at the shop of the Portland Packing Co. struck for a cent more on a bushel.

About fifteen left their places were immediately filled and business nearly as usual. It is quite probable that those fifteen will be remembered in the future should they seek work of the Co.

The concert at the New Jerusalem church was pronounced very good by those who attended.

We had a nice rain Saturday evening, but the wind dried up the top of the ground and the roads are nearly as dusty as before the rain.

Monday afternoon as the up freight was backing on to the siding at Shirley & Cousins' mill the end car was backed half its length into the mill, damaging the side of the mill and water tank.

Thrashing machines have put in an appearance. But no "large yields" have been heard from as yet. J. F. L.

Willie going to the depot one day was remembered there had been a village improvement society. What sidewalk there is on Smith street is very acceptable, but it extends only a short distance and is destined to be one of the things that were. It is a sad thing that a village that has the improvement of the place cannot exist for the lack of friendly feeling. Several attempts have been made to have some entertainment to the funds with which to make changes for the better, but all have signally failed. It is to be hoped that another summer will not pass without some effort, and that a successful one to change the appearance of some things.

The Academy has commenced its second week with sixty scholars, the largest fall term for a number of years. There is no reason why Fryeburg Academy should not be better supported. The village cannot detract any from its attractions, and surely the corps of teachers is excellent. It is to be hoped the school may regain the position it once held, that of second to none in the State. Speaking of the Academy reminds me of the fact that the stone wall which has been gradually tumbling down for the past seven or eight years. Lately what was left standing has been tumbled down by the action of the ice. The streets are now in a state of confusion. To be sure it is no ornament, but why any one should take it upon themselves to push it over is one of those things which cannot be called by any other name than pure devilism.

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NORTH WATERFORD.

A match game of base-ball was played at this place, on Friday Sept. 7th, between the Second Nine of Norway and the "No. Waterfords" of this place. The game was "called," and the score declared at the end of the 7th inning, and resulted in a score of 26 to 21 in favor of the "Waterfords." Another game was played, Saturday, Sept. 8th, between the "Waterfords" and the "Oxford" team. The score was 12 to 31 in favor of Oxford. I understand that the No. Waterford club will go to Oxford next Saturday and play the "Oxfords" another game.

The drought has been very severe throughout this region, but the shower of Saturday night refreshed things somewhat.

C. Gorham Knight's mill has been shut down some time for lack of water.

Thrashing machines have put in an appearance. But no "large yields" have been heard from as yet. J. F. L.

Willie going to the depot one day was remembered there had been a village improvement society. What sidewalk there is on Smith street is very acceptable, but it extends only a short distance and is destined to be one of the things that were. It is a sad thing that a village that has the improvement of the place cannot exist for the lack of friendly feeling. Several attempts have been made to have some entertainment to the funds with which to make changes for the better, but all have signally failed. It is to be hoped that another summer will not pass without some effort, and that a successful one to change the appearance of some things.

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PORTER.

"Jack Frost" played a good many pranks last week in several places, but here on the hills he simply made his bow and passed down to the low lands to do his work. Tuesday morning, the 4th inst., at five o'clock the thermometer stood at 39, but not frost enough to hurt even the cucumber vines. The same morning at South Hiram the thermometer was down to 32 and the frost did a good deal of damage. We hill-siders are a much favored people.

